

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1082.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1841.

[Price 2d.

Original Communications.

PIERRE RAMUS.

AMONGST the many victims of the massacre of Saint Barthélemy* was the celebrated Pierre de la Ramée, more generally known by the name of Ramus. Born in 1515, in a village in Normandy, his parents were of the poorest rank ; his grandfather being a charbonnier, a calling similar to that of our coalheaver, and his father a labourer. Poverty being his consequent inheritance, Ramus was early left to his own resources; no sooner, therefore, had he attained the age of eight years than he repaired to Paris; the difficulty he found there of obtaining common subsistence soon obliged him to return home : another attempt which he afterwards made met with no better success. Early imbued with a strong love and desire for learning, he suffered every misery and privation in order to obtain the means necessary for its acquirement. Having received a limited aid from one of his uncles, he, for a third time, set out for Paris, where, immediately on his arrival, he entered the college of Navarre in the capacity of valet, during the day fulfilling every menial task, but devoting his nights to his dear and absorbing study. This extreme perseverance and application, regardless of difficulties, obtained its consequent reward ; being admitted to the degree of master of arts, which he received with all its accompanying scholastic honours, he was enabled to devote himself with more intensity to study. He by the opinions which he promulgated in the form of a thesis, respecting the philosophy of Aristotle, a doubt of whose sovereign authority at that time was considered a profane and audacious sacrilege, attracted the attention of the scholars of the time, and ultimately their enmity. With the uncompromising hardihood of his character, he continued to deny the infallibility of the favourite code of philosophy, and published, in support of his opinions, two volumes of criticisms upon his works.

Ramus was at first persecuted merely with scholastic virulence, but on his further irritating his opponents, a serious accusation

was brought against him, before the parliament of Paris ; and to such lengths had the matter gone as to call for the mediation of Francis the First.

Ramus was found guilty, and sentenced, in 1543, to vacate his professorship, and his works interdicted throughout the kingdom. This severe sentence, however, did not produce the effect desired by the Sorbonne, for on the following year he was appointed to a professorship in the college of Presles, and, in 1551, received the further appointment of royal professor of philosophy and rhetoric. His opinions had, however, attracted the attention and enmity of a more powerful body than that of the Sorbonne. To contest the infallibility of Aristotle, at the same time that it attacked scholastic prejudices, was sufficient to provoke a revolution even in theology.

The consequence to Ramus was implacable hatred from the ecclesiastical body, who seemed intent upon his destruction.

The persecution of Ramus was carried to such an extent, that, according to Bayle, he was "obliged to conceal himself ; at the king's instigation he for some time secreted himself at Fontainbleau, where, by the aid of the works he found in the royal library, he was enabled to prosecute his geometrical and astronomical studies. On his residence there being discovered, he successively concealed himself in different places, thinking by that means to evade his relentless persecutors. During his absence his library at Presles was given up to public pillage.

"On the proclamation of peace, in the year 1563, between Charles the Ninth and the Protestants, Ramus returned to his professorship, devoting himself principally to the teaching of mathematics. On the breaking out of the second civil war, in 1567, he was again obliged to quit Paris, and seek protection in the Huguenot camp, where he remained until the battle of St. Denis. A few months after this, on peace being again proclaimed, he once more returned to his professional duties ; but foreseeing the inevitable approach of another war, and

* Bartholomew.

fearing the consequent result, he sued for the king's permission of absence, under the plea of visiting the German academies, which being granted, he retired to Germany, in 1568, where he was received with every demonstration of honour. Ramus returned to France on the conclusion of the third war, in 1571, and perished in the hideous massacre of St. Barthélemy, as related by Moreri."

The following is the passage in Moreri, alluded to by Bayle:—"Ramus having concealed himself during the tumult of the massacre, he was discovered by the assassins sent by Charpentier, his competitor. After having paid a large sum of money, in the hopes of bribing his assassins to preserve his life, he was severely wounded, and thrown from the window into the court beneath; partly in consequence of the wounds received and the effects of the fall, his bowels protruded. The scholars, encouraged by the presence of their professors, no sooner saw this than they tore them from the body, and scattered them in the street, along which they dragged the body, beating it with rods, by way of contempt."

We cannot feel surprised at Ramus becoming one of the principal victims of this horrid massacre. By the means of so many foul and horrid murders the catholic party had hoped to annihilate protestantism in France, or at least so to weaken its influence as to render its party powerless. We can easily conceive the reason why a man who, by the tendency and boldness of his opinions, had become one of the powerful supporters of the Huguenot party, as well as one of its most powerful and persuasive orators, should not be spared; but we are astonished and horrified when we see the effects of political or religious fanaticism falling on the poor and the simple, the meek and the peaceful women and children, the young and the beautiful,—all suffering equally with the strong and the powerful, the proud and the talented.

One of the great subjects of reform attempted by Ramus, and which created the greatest animosity against him, was that which had for its object the introduction of a democratical government into the church. He pretended that the consistories alone ought to prepare all questions of doctrine, and submit them to the judgment of the faithful. The people, according to his tenets, possessed in themselves the right of choosing their ministers, of excommunication, and absolution. We quote these opinions, inculcated by Ramus, to shew in what spirit of contradiction his opinions were with the prevailing faith of the sixteenth century. It is a subject of much too deep and serious a character to discuss here. The private life of Ramus was most irreproachable; entirely devoting himself to study and

research, he refused the most lucrative preferments, choosing rather the situation of professor at the college of Presles. His temperance was exemplary: except a little bouilli, he eat little else for dinner. For twenty years he had not tasted wine, and afterwards when he partook of it, it was by the order of his physicians. His bed was of straw; he rose early, and studied late; he was never known to foster an evil passion of any kind; he possessed the greatest firmness under misfortune. His only reproach was his obstinacy, but every man who is strongly attached to his conviction is subject to this reproach.

The subject of our present illustration is Ramus waiting in excited expectation the coming of his assassins. The screams of the victims are not yet quieted. Ramus seems to be aware of his fate—the disciple, listening at the door, tells the history at once. M. Fleury, the painter of this picture, has rendered himself famous in France for works similar to the present, and mostly chosen from the same epoch of history—the massacre of St. Bartholomew. To a protestant people the scenes of that dreadful night are too well known, and have already been the subject of more than one article in our Miscellany. Happy will it be for mankind when their church partakes more of the meek and gentle spirit of Christianity.

HINTS ON THE PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS AND THE MISDIRECTION OF WEALTH.

IT is a matter of surprise, that among the numerous objects which have of late engaged public attention and energy, not the slightest consideration seems to have been devoted to the prevention of accidents; and the same may almost be said as to the misdirection of wealth; the two subjects indeed being so linked together, that it is difficult to treat on the one without also treating on the other. With respect to the first, it must be observed, that an admirable institution does exist to afford relief after accidents have occurred, but none to prevent their occurrence; prevention, however, being better than cure or relief, it were much to be wished that that institution would modify and enlarge its objects, and attempt, as far as possible, the prevention of accidents. That much of this object might be accomplished there can be no doubt, it appearing an indisputable fact, that the chief accidents that do occur, occur from our own faults; indeed it seems so of nearly the whole of them. Scarcely can a newspaper be found that does not teem with frightful catastrophes: bricklayers falling from roofs and scaffoldings, and breaking their necks and limbs; glaziers and even maid-servants being

dashed to pieces; steam-boilers bursting, and scalding to death hundreds of human beings at a stroke; collisions on railroads, equally destructive of life; persons being burnt to death, or caught by machinery, and torn limb from limb; and numerous similar disasters, with scarcely a thought or inquiry as to whether the chief of them might not be prevented. In the report of that society, no less a number than 30,000 accidents are stated to occur annually, or 70 per day, to the working classes alone, besides those not known; whether this relates only to London or to all England, is not expressed, but in either case it seems enormous: 500 persons are said to be annually drowned between London Bridge and Gravesend.

The questions then are, *Why do they occur?* and, *Can no check be offered?* There seems, however, little reason to consider this more difficult than many other objects that have been accomplished, which at one time were never thought of, or would have been deemed impossible if they had. The chief of the casualties occur to the working classes, in part through their own carelessness, ineptitude, and bravado; in part from the sarcastic tauntings of their companions, if unable to do the same feats as themselves, and in great part from the cupidity and recklessness of their employers.

There is in fact very little labour for necessary purposes but what might be performed in great safety if a little more time and expense were afforded as to the means. For instance, instead of long narrow planks between buildings and timber-yards for men to walk on, at the cost of many lives, how easily might the planks be made wider, be well fastened, and have a railing. It is commonly remarked that *the men are used to it*; but though use undoubtedly greatly reduces the danger, it leaves plenty remaining, as we continually hear of men falling from the planks (though used to walk on them) owing to ineptitude, ill-health, and other causes, and sometimes even owing to their being *too much used to it*, so that they forget the necessary caution. It must be also recollected that though persons gain security by practice, their total risk may not decrease, or may even be increased by practice, because the more the practice the oftener must the risk be run, so that the total chances may, in some cases, be against the person who is used to the action, however gradually he may have acquired his skill: for instance, if a person accustomed to walk across a plank would, on an average, fall twice in a thousand times, and walk a thousand times across it; and the person unused to it would fall once in twice walking across it, but only walked twice across it during his life, then the person used to it

would have two accidents, and the other only one; and it must be recollected that what may be easy to a person in health and in youth, may be extremely hazardous when age and infirmity come on; and persons are exposed to the same difficulties of their calling, notwithstanding their inability. The falls from roofs of houses, chimneys, and scaffoldings, are very numerous; and these might undoubtedly be nearly all prevented by railings and other precautions. Excavations also produce dreadful accidents, and these, too, might probably be guarded against by having a sort of inverted box over the workmen, or by planks put from side to side to support the sides of the excavation, or by many other methods which might be adopted by paying for them. The erection of bridges causes much loss of life to the workmen, in the present careless way they work. The last London bridge is said to have cost above one hundred lives; and the Southwark bridge nearly as many. The building of churches also, from their immense height and their weight of material, must produce many sad calamities; there indeed seems reason to think that the number of deaths that may have occurred in the building of St. Paul's would have gone a good way towards filling the churchyard; but such accidents are generally hushed up, not half of them come to light.

And after all, what does all this sacrifice of the lives and limbs of poor men produce? Only pretty buildings, which we could do very well without; and casts honour on the ingenuity, industry, and bravery of the workmen, who are generally despised and left to die in poverty and obscurity, while their productions are retained as emblems of the wisdom and talents of human nature, and as a boast to men who had no share in the work. How much better would it be, if, instead of spending so much labour on church steeples and domes, and on churches themselves, they had been made in a more homely and less ostentatious way, without steeples and domes, while the saving of money was applied to build small houses for the poor. How many such houses then might be supplied to the houseless for our church, and as many workmen kept employed in safety in their erection, as if they had been risked in raising tons of stones to the skies! If, however, one such building in a city should be thought necessary, as a tribute of reverence to the Deity, and as an object of human ingenuity, why should we want more? But let not these remarks be misconstrued into any disrespect to religion; far from it: the best way of serving God is not by pomp and show, but in benefiting and preserving his living works. Whenever any large and high building is about

to be erected, we are almost certain that many deaths and broken bones will be the result; and were any of the workmen to ensure their lives, they would doubtless have a high premium to pay. If such buildings will not be dispensed with, and such expenses must be incurred, a tax should certainly be levied to add a little to the cost, as a fund to prevent the accidents now to be anticipated, as well as to erect hospitals for those which may occur. Accidents in falling from masts of ships are very frequent, and seem more difficult to remedy; but steam, it is to be hoped, will do much towards it. The bursting of steam boilers might, there is reason to hope, be prevented by adopting the plan proposed a few years ago, of *omitting the boilers entirely, and generating the steam as wanted, by drops of water continually falling on a hot cylinder.* Persons being burnt to death might also often be prevented by the plan lately proposed, of *erecting iron balconies along a whole row of houses,* so that, in case of fire, persons could escape from one house to another. Fire itself might, it appears, in future be prevented by the method of *infusing a chemical preparation, of late discovered, into the timber,* which is said, on experiment, to have resisted every effort to set the house on fire. Accidents to glaziers might also be easily prevented by adopting a plan proposed some years ago, of *a machine or box for them to sit in.* All these plans have been laid before the public, and all have been despised or disregarded.

Many accidents are also caused by the bad welding of iron, particularly in axle-trees and steam-boilers, it being customary with smiths, when they make an unsound joint, to say "Oh, that is nothing!" they then hammer up the crack, and make the work appear sound; but which, when it comes to the test, gives way, causing the most horrible results. Were this not the case, we should seldom hear of such accidents; if one piece of good iron can bear a certain weight, another can; and if the piece will not, it is a sign that it is unsound, which ought to be discovered before trusted. There seems very little doubt, but that by paying more money for our buildings and machinery, we might, if we chose, prevent most of the calamities here complained of; this, however, persons of property are not willing to do: they would say they could not afford it; and in many cases this might be the fact. But why? namely, because they grossly misapply or misdirect their money, spending it in extravagance, nonsense, and trifles, instead of in things of utility. How many persons' labour is devoted to the fabrication of paltry trinkets, curious textures of cloth for dress, epaulets, and gewgaws, which might, in-

stead, be devoted in increasing the safety of labourers? why might not those articles be dispensed with, or used in less abundance, and the same money applied the other way? There ought, indeed, to be a law established to punish persons, who, through carelessness to the safety of others, are the means of accidents befalling them.

With respect to the higher class, or to persons engaged in sedentary employments, though these are less exposed to accidents than the working classes, still they are far from being exempt from many casualties, which might also be prevented; but the greater number here proceed from rather an opposite cause from those of the working classes—namely, from the want of practice and experience in avoiding danger, if by chance they are exposed to it. The best prevention of this is the cautious practice of gymnastics, which teach agility and muscular skill; but which seldom being kept in practice after youth, are of little service long afterwards, as persons soon forget their requirements without continuing the practice; but if they were so to do, much good might be anticipated. Every person ought to be able to do the common actions of humble life, such as swimming, rowing, climbing, &c.; and though some accidents might occur during the practice, many more might thereby be prevented. Other sorts of accidents to these classes being of a general nature, the same remarks as have been applied to the working classes apply to these.

It is not meant here, however, to go into the multiplicity of causes of accidents, but merely to hint, that what we call unforeseen accident is foreseen crime, or at least unpardonable negligence: we have the power, if we choose, to say that, in general, such accidents shall not be; and it is hoped that these suggestions will lead to a thorough pursuit of the subject.

SONNETS OF PETRARCH;

Written on revisiting Valchiusa after the death of Laura.

TRANSLATED BY T. H. SEALY.

"Io ho pien di sospir quest' aer tutto—"

My sighs fill all the air about this place,
From the sharp hills beholding that sweet plain
Where she was born, who, skilful to retain
My heart in 't spring and in its summer race,
Is now in heaven; and since, my hopes to efface,
Death called her hence, my sad eyes, which I
strain
In search for her to distant walks in vain,
Upon this sunny ground leave no dry space.
There is no stock or stone in these wild mountains,
No branch or green spray in this hilly wood,
No flower in these vales, or grassy leaf,
No drop of water in these leaping fountains,
Nor beast among these brakes of such fierce mood,
That doth not own how bitterest is my grief.

"E questo 'l nido, in che la mia Fenice—"

Is this the nest where first my bird 'gan shew
Her gold and purple plumes? my phoenix rare,
Who 'neath her warm wings held my heart's
each care,
And from it still draws sighs and murmurings
low?
Oh dear first root of all my cherished woe,
Where is that face whence came the light,—oh,
where!
Which, though it burned, was such a bliss to
bear?
Thou, now in joy, that wast ~~THE ALONE~~ below,
Hast left me here in misery, and forsaken,
And full of grief, my steps the paths invade,
Where thoughts of thee mine adoration waken,
Finding with dim night those soft hills o'eraid,
From whence to heaven thy final flight was
taken,
And where thine eyes a constant morning made.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SWITZERLAND.—No. II.

ALPINE FLOWERS.

The Gentiana.

Or the several varieties of this plant, (fourteen, according to Linnaeus,) the subject of our present notice, the *Gentiana Alpestris* of the Swiss botanists, is the most remarkable, whether as regards its abundance or its utility; so luxuriant, indeed, is its growth in the more elevated pasturages that, towards the latter end of April, at the melting of the snow, the whole range of mountain-prairie assumes, even at a distance, a decided cerulean tint, from the beautiful deep blue colour of this flower. Its first appearance is the signal for the release of the numerous herds of cattle which, during the winter months, have been "cribbed, cabined, and confined," in the lower *châlets* and villages; and of their departure for the free air and boundless liberty of the mountain heath. And passing strange and soul-stirring to the spectator are the manifestations of their delight at the arrival of the gladsome period of liberation: nor in this their feeling of uncontrollable delight is the gentian flower supposed to have an inconsiderable influence, as it is remarked that each species of Alpine cattle, goats and sheep not excepted, exhibit a marked predilection for the *gentiana*, cropping with avidity its leaves and flowers, which are considered by the herdsmen to have a most beneficial effect on the quantity and quality of the milk, which, for its sweetness and nutritious qualities, is well known and universally admitted to stand unrivalled. Then it is that may be witnessed such pranks and caperings, such gambols and curvettings, and tossing of heads and whisking of tails, such bleatings and bellowings of delight, such frisking and rolling, and scampering to and fro like mad, as certes never yet greeted mortal eye beyond the precincts of an Alpine Maetle-land. To the true lover of Alpestral

scenery no period of the year is so propitious for the observation of the incidents of a pastoral mode of life—it is then only that, himself surrounded by the fresh realities, the gigantic scenery, the sublime solitude, by all the striking circumstances of a nomadic mountain existence, he can appreciate the heart-felt exultation, sympathize with the emotion, and enter into the true feeling of that joyous "Ho! ho! Jubeh!" of the mountain herdsmen, or chime in with his soul-stirring *Kühreile*, "*Zum Aufzug auf die Alp in Frühling!*"—*

"Der Ua-tig wott cho,
Der Schnee zergelt scho!
Der Himmel isch blau!
Der Geiger het g'schräte,
Der Moey syg cho! Ho! ho!"

Nothing, indeed, can afford a finer spectacle than the aspect of these hardy, open-countenanced, athletic, and finely proportioned mountaineers, marching at the head of their superb cattle, the tinkling of whose bells is distinguished for sometimes a mile at least in the rear of the deep *carillon*, or large bell of the leader of the herd, as they wend, in unbroken line and succession, up the steep mountain path, leading from the lower villages to the "chalets d'été," or summer farms, on the higher alp, or grazing-lands, whereon they are to wander in unrestricted liberty, till the close of autumn consigns them again to the restraint of the winter chalets of the plain.

In addition to its beneficial influence on the dairy produce, the *gentian* figures as a no inconsiderable item in the commercial revenue of Switzerland. The medicinal virtues of the extract of gentian are probably well known to most of our readers; the root possesses the quality of such intense bitterness, that the smallest particle of the desiccated fibres, placed on the tongue, produces a sensation of bitterness which quickly pervades the whole palate. It is chiefly in the district of the *Pays d'en haut* *Roumand* (Canton de Vaud) that the celebrated water of gentian is distilled from the roots of the *gentiana magna*, or great gentian; and large quantities of this extract are annually exported from Switzerland, to supply the great

* A favourite *Ranz des Vaches*, or mountain song of the Swiss herdsmen, "on repairing to the Alps (high-grazing lands) in spring." Literally, (for in these cases an attempt at English versification were about as vain as, in our opinion at least, it were impertinent,) "Spring has come! the snow melts already!—the sky is blue!—the cuckoo has sung!—May has arrived!—Ho! Ho!" To attempt a description of the peculiar emphasis with which the singer dwells on the concluding "Ho! ho!" prolonging the intonation by a rapid and singular, but highly musical, transition from the guttural note to the suon di testa, or higher notes, (a peculiarity of execution exclusively confined to the Swiss mountaineers,) until the surrounding Alps ring again with the echo—were equally in vain. The effect must be witnessed, to be in the slightest degree understood.

demand for it throughout Europe, more especially in Germany, Denmark, and Russia; this latter species differs but little, excepting in height, (varying between four and six inches,) from the common gentian of the Alps, a representation of which we subjoin.



Gentiana Alpestris, or Common Gentian of the Alps.

The flower (bell-shaped, and of a beautiful and intense blue) blossoms upwards, on a single stem; the medium height of the whole plant is about three inches; specimens exceeding this height are of rare occurrence. Our own dried specimen, now before us, and from which we have given the above engraving, was gathered by ourselves from the neighbourhood of the Guggisberg. An Alpine botanist soon has occasion to remark that the finest specimens of this flower, as is indeed the case with some others of mountain growth, are chiefly to be found at the very verge of some overhanging rock or precipice, and springing from some fissure where scarcely sufficient soil would seem to exist for its support. Another, but smaller species, the *gentiana glacialis*, (*gentiane des glaces*), delights, as its name imports, in the borders and clefts of the glacier or ice-field itself, a location wherein its bright blue colour and the bright green of its leaves contrast most picturesquely with the surrounding waste. The remaining species differ so little from the general characteristics of the genus as scarcely to require a separate description.

G. M.

VAUVENARGUES.

LUC DE CLAPIERS, Marquis of Vauvenargues, was born at Aix, on the 10th of August, 1715.

Many writers put too great a restriction on the sense of the word *genius*, although they themselves have no pretensions to it, and are therefore but poor judges of it in the works of others. As for myself, I think that every production of the mind which affords new ideas under an interesting form,—everything which bears, alike in thought and expression, a character of force, expression, and originality, is a work of *genius*; and with this feeling, I cannot be wrong in regarding Vauvenargues as a man of *genius*, although he cannot, perhaps, be ranked in the first grade of original talent.

It is very evident that he owed to nature alone the talent exhibited in his productions. The manner in which the first years of his life were employed seemed more fitted to estrange him from literary studies than to improve his mind and taste. A weakly constitution and variable health proved hurtful to his first instructions. When advanced to college, he evinced less ardour for study, and only gained a very superficial knowledge of the Latin language. Called early into service by his birth, and the desire of his parents, the tastes of youth and military dissipation soon erased from his mind the little knowledge he had gained during his scholarship, and he died without being able to read Horace and Tacitus in their original language.

The years that included the entire life of Vauvenargues would scarcely comprise the youth of an ordinary person: he died at thirty-two, and in an existence so short but few seem to have been employed in attaining that celebrity which he might have arrived at.

He entered service in 1734, at the age of eighteen, and made a campaign during the same year in Italy, as sub-lieutenant in the king's regiment of infantry.

This was not school for him to prepare the materials for his "Introduction à la Connoissance de l'Esprit Humain;" it was not in a camp, in the midst of active warlike operations, that a young officer of eighteen years old was likely to find the means of alloying his heart and mind to the table for meditation and study; but nature, in endowing him with an active mind, had at the same time furnished him with that integrity of feeling which directs the movements and that seriousness which accompanies the habit of reflection.

To the war in Italy, which was of short duration, succeeded that of the "Succession." The regiment in which Vauvenargues served, was sent into Germany to join the army, which had penetrated into Bo-

hemia. We will not recount all the hardships the French troops had to endure in this painful but honourable campaign, especially during the famous retreat from Prague, in December, 1741. The cold was excessive, and Vauvenargues, of a delicate constitution, suffered more than many others. He returned to France with impaired health and deranged fortune, (never considerable,) from the expenses of the war. After nine years of service, he had only attained the rank of captain, and despairing of advancement, quitted the service. It was about this time that he commenced his acquaintance with Voltaire. Our author, rendered unfortunate by his health, his fortune, and more especially by his inaction, felt that he could not extricate himself from his difficulties without an extraordinary effort. Timid characters are often those who most readily assume extreme activity in embarrassing circumstances; deprived of the usual resources that gave him confidence, he endeavoured to supply them by a sudden sally of activity; he chose rather at once to risk a forced march, than always leave a something to dare.

Vauvenargues, a stranger at court, unknown to the minister of whom he sought favour, deprived of the aid of the chief who would have been able to satisfy his demands, formed the resolution of addressing the king direct, to express his desire of serving him in his affairs. In his letter he reminded his majesty, "that those who were most useful in that situation were those whom fortune held at the greatest distance, who ought, in fine," added he, "to serve your majesty with more zeal than a gentleman, who, not being born at court, has nothing to hope for but from his master and his services." He wrote at the same time to M. Amelot, minister for foreign affairs. His two letters, as may be supposed, remained without answer. Louis XV. only appointed servants through the medium of his minister, and the minister knew too well the power of his station to favour a step which would have passed over his own authority.

He now returned to the bosom of his family, and entirely devoted himself to study, and met in it a happiness and delight that he had not found in the camp, the court, or the city; at this time a most malignant attack of small-pox horribly disfigured him, and left him in a state of irremediable infirmity.

Thus this young man, energetic in character, active in mind, and generous in sentiment, was condemned to sink in obscurity all these precious gifts, waiting patiently a painful death, to terminate in the flower of his youth a life in which he had never had a moment's happiness.

It was then that he displayed that philosophy which had always directed him in the practice of virtue; his only consolation was the study and love of letters, which at all times had sustained him in trouble. He occupied himself in reviewing and placing in order the reflections and little scraps he had committed to paper during the leisure moments of so agitated a life. He published, in 1746, his "*Introduction à la Connoissance de l'Esprit Humain*," a work which astonished those who were able to appreciate it.

Vauvenargues, after languishing many years in a state of suffering beyond remedy, which he supported without complaint, saw that his death was now inevitable; he had spoken little of it, and prepared himself without any appearance of inquietude or fright. He died in 1747, surrounded by many friends distinguished for their mind and character, and who gave proofs of the most tender devotion; he astonished them as much by the unalterable calm of his spirit as by the inexhaustible resources of his mind, and often by the natural eloquence of his discourse.

Vauvenargues was pressed, during the last stage of his disease, to receive his curé, who came several times, but was always refused admittance to his chamber. Means were found, however, to introduce a pious and enlightened theologian, whom the curé had chosen as likely to make an impression on the mind of a "wandering philosopher, but of good faith." After a short conference between the theologian and the dying man, a friend of Vauvenargues entered his room, and said to him, "Well, you have seen the good ecclesiastic." "Yes," replied Vauvenargues,

"*Cette esclave est venu ;
Il a montré son ordre, et n'a rien obtenu.*"

J. E. A.

Le Feuilleton:

OR, THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

LUCY BUTLER; OR, THE ALPINE ROSE.

(Continued from p. 252.)

LUCY no sooner saw her father disappear than she screamed, and ran towards the chasm.

At that instant the joyful sound of an old French air, sung by several tourists, who were too gay to partake of the enthusiasm which had previously filled the heart of Sir Arthur and his daughter, broke upon her ear. She was standing upon the brink of the precipice, hazarding her own life in endeavouring to catch a glimpse of her unfortunate father, when the tourists came in view, who, seeing the peril in which she was placed, hastened to render her assistance.

"Grand dieu! Lucy! you here?" one of them exclaimed, in astonishment.

The distracted girl, overwhelmed with terror, cried,

"Save—O save my father!" then fell insensible on the ground.

Edouard de Fernell, the gentleman who recognised Lucy, ran to her; and while endeavouring to recall her to consciousness, he consulted with his companions upon the best possible means of succouring Sir Arthur, although their prospects of saving the unfortunate baronet were anything but flattering.

The guide approached the yawning abyss, and looking over, shouted "Sir Arthur!" at the top of his voice; but the echo alone replied. The three companions joined the guide, and shouted simultaneously, but no one answered; Sir Arthur apparently heard them not—perhaps he had been killed in his fall.

What was to be done? Each, in case of accident, had provided himself with a long cord; but were these cords of any use? How could they discover the side where the baronet was when they could not hear his voice?

For several minutes they stood in a state of uncertainty, when a thought suddenly forced its way to the mind of Edouard.

"Let us tie the ropes together," he said; "one of us will descend, and when lowered to their extremity, let him shout; perhaps Sir Arthur may then hear him."

Before this could be accomplished, an obstacle of some moment must be surmounted.

Who was to hazard his life by descending into the fearful abyss?

Offers were made to the guide; but he shook his head, saying that money would not induce him to peril his life in so rash an undertaking.

Edouard looked around; his eyes fell upon the pale face of the still insensible girl—it was enough. Lucy could not live without her father; her happiness was dearer to her lover than his life.

The cord was then attached to his body, and a few minutes afterwards he disappeared. For some moments the most profound silence ensued; and when they came to within a few yards of the extremity of the cord, they looked in each other's faces; and, while consenting in silence to draw their friend up, they heard the sound of his voice. The guide leant over the precipice, and understood that Edouard had reached the bottom of the *gouffre*, and that he was about to unfasten the cord, in order to be able to go into the subterraneous passages in search of Sir Arthur. Some minutes elapsed, but there were no signs of his return; and his friends became very uneasy about his safety, and were beginning to censure each other

on the impropriety of having allowed their friend to place his life in jeopardy, when they again heard the sound of his voice. Their eyes lighted up with joy at the idea of the safety of their companion, and after the signal was given, they drew up the cord. The Frenchmen started back in astonishment at the sight of a strange face; it was not Edouard—Sir Arthur was before them.

At that moment Lucy recovered, and on seeing her father, she rushed, transported with joy, into his arms. In this position she remained a short time, and after the first paroxysm of delight was over she gazed round her in astonishment, as if she had awoke out of a frightful dream. The cord was again pulled up, and on seeing her lover, she cried,

"And he, also—Edouard!"

"Behold him!" Sir Arthur said; "he, like me, is saved."

Lucy, in an ecstasy of joy, took the hand of her lover, joined it with her father's, looked up to heaven, and thanked God for their deliverance.

Sir Arthur, who did not seem till that moment to have recognised his deliverer, pushed him away. Lucy threw herself between them; and on secretly placing into the hand of her lover a small white Alpine rose, which she took from her bosom, said,

"Father, dear father, it was he who saved you!"

The eyes of the proud baronet sparkled with rage, he clenched his hands, while his whole frame became greatly agitated; then, as if swayed by some secret impulse, he drew his daughter away, without giving utterance to a single word.

The following is a brief explanation of this strange scene:—

M. de Fernell, the father of Edouard, had been a prisoner in England during the latter part of the reign of Napoleon, where he became intimately acquainted with Sir Arthur Butler. In 1828, M. de Fernell took his son to London, and introduced him to his old friend; the young man fell passionately in love with the baronet's daughter, and on requesting her hand of the father, met with so stern a refusal, that it not only wounded the heart of the young man, but it stung the susceptibility of his father. A discussion ensued, in which Sir Arthur behaved so arrogantly towards M. de Fernell as to provoke a challenge, which was immediately accepted. They met, and, both being old soldiers, made choice of the sword; a keen encounter ensued, and, on Sir Arthur's foot slipping, he received a wound in the right arm; their seconds then put a stop to the duel, but were not able to reconcile the combatants. The next morning M. de Fernell and his son left England; and shortly afterwards Sir Arthur received the intelligence that a wealthy gentleman

who had made proposals for his daughter, and with whom he stood on the best of terms, had been thrown from his carriage, and had expired soon afterwards. Seeing his projects thus blasted, Sir Arthur was almost in despair, which was in no degree lessened by the condition of his daughter, who ever since the departure of Edouard had been a prey to the most depressing melancholy. With the view of dispelling the sadness of Lucy, and of affording relief to his own agitated mind, Sir Arthur determined on travelling; but this was of no avail—it had neither the effect of dispelling the gloom that hovered round his daughter, nor of plucking from his proud heart the hatred which he still bore to M. de Fernel.

Behold, then, Lucy, pale and suffering from the effects of so much agitation, upon the road from Milan; she looked not at the magnificent *tableau* that the Alps opened to her view; her thoughts were no longer on the beauties of nature—her heart was on the mountain of Naters. As for Sir Arthur, he sat for some time in silence by her side; but as she turned round and looked at him with a moistened eye, he said,

"Well, Lucy, you are happy now?"

"Yes, father; I am happy in seeing you saved."

"No—not at that; but at having found him. You have spoken to him, have you not? Very well, Lucy; you have again caused my old wounds to bleed; but it matters not, since you are happy."

The poor girl remained thunderstruck, looking with terror at the strange wildness of her father's eyes. Sir Arthur continued,

"But what is my life to you without your lover. He is everything to you, whilst I am nothing; your only hope is in him. But no, it shall never be!"

"Oh!" Lucy cried, melting in tears, and kissing the hand of her father; "oh, why do you thus speak to me? All my happiness—all my joy, is in your safety."

After a few moments' silence, Sir Arthur replied in a grave and stern voice, as if speaking to himself—

"I had once a daughter, and they called her Lucy, who was noble and handsome. She was the pride of my heart, the source of my enjoyment. I saw her when she was young and fair, and her features reminded me of her poor mother. She used to play in purity and innocence upon the green turf; and as she grew up, she was gentle like the angels. I have no longer a child; no—no longer."

"My father, look at me!" Lucy cried, in despair. "I am your daughter; she who loves—who lives only for you!"

"My daughter! Her eyes were not like yours; besides, her voice was soft; her dark hair clustering down her shoulders. Oh, Lucy was beautiful!"

"Have pity on me; oh, have pity!" the poor girl replied, sobbingly.

"The gulf is open—it shuts—darkness—silence—the grave!"

At these strange words Lucy looked in her father's face, and started with terror on seeing his eyes sparkling with fire, and his countenance inflamed.

"A voice shouts in the abyss; it comes nearer and nearer! Leave me—leave me!—the ice gives way!—lost!—lost!"

"No, father; Heaven, who heard my prayers, has saved you,—you were rescued to watch over the happiness of your child!"

She then threw herself upon the neck of her father, kissed his cheek, and smoothed his grey hairs, while her full heart vented itself in expressions of filial love; but Sir Arthur remained immovable; he saw nothing, heard nothing; his reason had completely vanished, and he remained deaf to the cries of his daughter, who was overwhelmed with grief.

The carriage stopped a few leagues from Breig; the maître d'hôtel opened it, and Sir Arthur descended with the swiftness of lightning, his daughter following. The unfortunate man, pursued by the phantoms created by his disordered mind, ran affrighted, frantic, and ascended to the upper apartment, crying, "The gulf—the gulf!" from whence he precipitated himself into the street. When he was raised, he was a corpse.

A few days after this sad catastrophe, a young man, with pale cheeks and haggard countenance, was seen standing in silence at the bedside of a dying woman; it was that of Lucy, who was a prey to brain fever, and was in a state of delirium. Her parched lips gave utterance to the words—"Father!"—"Edouard!" and her large hazel eyes were dim and hollow. She did not know the young man, who was fervently praying God to spare her life; nor in her last convulsions did she clasp the hand of him whose joy and peace of mind departed with her life.

Three days elapsed; the same young man placed a flower on the tomb of Lucy; it was an Alpine rose; white, like her—faded, like the heart of him who was weeping over her tomb.—L'ÉRUDIANT.

Miscellaneous.

"LUCKY" PEOPLE.

THERE is a kind of people in the world which may, I think, be justly called the "Lucky." I do not mean those born to superior fortunes, or endowed with elevated minds: for, in the latter instance, such endowment too frequently constitutes their misfortune: but I have remarked many

persons apparently exempt from the casualties and inconveniences which are attached to the rest of the world. Everything seems to happen "pat" to their purpose; and by this continual attendance of the genius of "luck," they are led a safe and profitable journey through this scene, from the cradle to the grave, escaping the measles and hooping-cough at the commencement, and dying as they would go to sleep. After all, it is better to be one of these persons than a rich man; for the "lucky" wight has a never-failing dependence upon his own good fortune, which keeps him at perfect ease with himself, and also administers to a mysterious vanity, which pleases him with the assurance that he is by some strange accident superior to his fellows. This man looks upon the chances of the world with calmness, and an anticipation approaching to certainty; he sees his companions fluttering with anxiety as to the result, whilst he remains smiling at their agitation; and when the event turns out to his advantage, he is by no means extravagant with his good fortune, but receives it as a matter of course, and seems to think it could not possibly be otherwise. The delusion is a pleasant one; for the "lucky" individual, from a series of prosperous adventures, imagines himself (so weak is human nature) as actually under some peculiar care, and feels himself pellet-proof against the popguns of this world. There is not so deceiving an agent as good fortune. But "lucky" people are not confined to any sphere of life; there is a lucky lord, as well as a lucky shoemaker: the death of a minister and the *apropos* demise of a shop-clicker may equally determine the nobleman and cobbler as being under the guardianship of luck. I have as yet taken but a bird's-eye view of the world, but the children of luck were too numerous wholly to escape me; we run against them in the streets, we are compelled to own the "divinity," which "hedges" them round, even in their station in a stage-coach; if a rain storm comes suddenly on, they have the first station under an archway; the unfortunate are everywhere, and in every instance, chagrined by the offspring of luck; there is an instinctive warfare upon one side, and a provoking mixture of pity and sneers upon the other; and moreover, the fortunate are generally strongly allied. A successful father has a well-doing son, and so runs the luck even to cousins-german. I will take Mr. Jenkins as an instance. Mr. J. boasts he never remembers having a day's illness but once, and then being about to take a dose of Epsom salts, as the physic was standing upon the table, the cat overturned it, when Mrs. J. (careful woman) taking up the mixture in a silver spoon, discovered the liquid to be oxalic acid: thus did "luck"

protect Mr. Jenkins! I have known Mr. Jenkins to step in at several raffling parties, where, perhaps, there might be one wanting to fill up the number, and all but this one had thrown: Mr. J. takes the dice-box, shakes it with a peculiar kind of confidence, throws, and bears off the prize, whilst he returns the astonished look of the person he has succeeded, with an air of indifference, that indicates these things are common with him. If ever a court-mourning takes place, Mr. Jenkins has always had, "by great luck," a new suit of black a week before: if a new coinage is issued, he has just paid away or kept hoarded up, the money, debased or risen in value: if he is in a crowd, a person before him stumbles, and Mr. J., by "luck," gets an admirable station. Go to the theatre, when "not an order is to be given," you will see Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, with their four daughters, deliver their free admissions, and take their seats in the stage-box. Mr. J. has always a friend at the Museum or St. Paul's that can oblige him with peculiar favours. If a balloon is going up, he has a friend that lives opposite the scene of action; if a particular execution is to take place in the country, Mr. J. has met a person who has made the offer of his gig. In fact, Mr. Jenkins is free everywhere, and fortunate in everything: he has tickets for all places, from the Lord Mayor's dinner to the Merman in Piccadilly. His family is also most lucky; he has a son that some old gentleman thinks very like his own departed offspring, and therefore puts him in the Bank or India House. Mr. Jenkins has likewise a peculiar good fortune in the use of his optics: let him go to parliament-house at a prorogation, by "luck" he beholds every hair of his Majesty's inestimable wig, whilst "other owls go darkling." His good fortune still attends him in matters of time; he is always "just at the very moment" of action; a child never falls out of a garret-window, but Mr. J. "was just passing by;" the same at the apprehension of a pick-pocket, or the first flames issuing from a house on fire. He is likewise peculiarly favoured as to touch. Mr. J. will tell you he has sat in the *very chair* that the king was crowned in: he has had the dagger in his hand that killed David Rizzio: he has felt the pen with which Southey wrote "Wat Tyler," and also the one with which he scrawled "The Vision of Judgment." He has played at bob-cherry with an elephant belonging to Tippo Saib, and has also patted Napoleon's charger. Besides all this, he is highly favoured in his acquaintance: he has smoked with Mungo Park, and known a lieutenant of marines that was carried off by a tiger. His father may have served Cowper with writing-paper; and he may even have receipted the stationer's bill of Byron!

Is not Mr. Jenkins a lucky man? Besides what I have already enumerated, there are a thousand other advantages which he holds above common people. Here has Mr. Jenkins the superiority of having escaped poison; of winning prizes; of saving money in mourning and coinage; of free admissions and best seats at public amusements; besides the good fortune of being always in time to behold an accident; with the advantage of having touched the most sacred reliques, and known the most wonderful individuals! Allowing Mr. Jenkins to be individually but of the same importance with another man, what a tremendous, an overpowering weight he gains from the vast accumulation of before-repeated advantages! Mr. Jenkins is a very giant among pugnies; a wonder of good fortune, interest, opportunity, vision, touch, and knowledge: he thus gains a part of the natural and artificial importance of every other man, and, like the frog that has drunk from many puddles, he is a distended phenomenon among lesser croakers—and Mr. Jenkins is a lucky man! Many a Mr. Jenkins do we meet with at a city coffee-house or inn-parlour.

PETER.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH AND NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH, when confined in the Temple a prisoner of war, and worn down by a sickness unto death by the severities of his captivity and the unwholesome closeness of his prison-chamber, "with the confidence of his own generous impulses towards any dependent foe, resolved to throw himself upon what he could not doubt the same noble principle in the breast of Napoleon Buonaparte, (then at the height of civil as well as of military power in France,) and ask from him an order that he, a dying prisoner in the Temple, might be allowed to breathe the fresh air beyond his chamber walls." And what was the response? The doors to be opened; the gallant and nearly expiring captive to be led forth into the court-yard at least, and so let the breath of heaven refresh his pale cheek? No; silence was the only answer. Napoleon Buonaparte returned to the ingenuous appeal which one brave mind made to another, when within that other's power, though a national enemy, to generously, nay, but merely humanely, lessen the rigours of a hard imprisonment to one who had, only a few months before, shewn himself to the French people a humane and generous adversary. We will not comment on the motive of that silence. There was nothing of a hero's soul in it, nothing of any policy, however mistaken, to redeem from disgrace the neglect of such an appeal from such an appellant; for there could be no stimulant to silence at such a

moment but a base apprehension of the warlike talents of the prisoner he had in his power, and a hope that its noiseless effect would act as a certain extinguisher, under the present circumstances of that life, which, if preserved, might become a yet more formidable foe to him and to the *Grande République* than even the brilliant career of the brave little tender from Smyrna had proved at the head of its Toulon flotilla; and the no less effective success of the *Diamond* frigate on the coast of France, when commanded by the enterprising spirit which even in chains could quail the enemy that held him. But the recovering of the brave captive's health, however, did not depend upon the breath of man to will it one way or the other. He was under a higher eye, and instead of dying, he revived—he revived to plan and to achieve his escape. And it was done by means of a forged order, effected and carried through by some French gentlemen of ancient loyalty and intrepid spirit, who disguised themselves as officers on duty, sent to present the order (professed to be from the Directory) to remove the English prisoner to a yet sterner stronghold. Without any suspicion, the keeper of the Temple resigned his charge into their hands, glad indeed to be rid of a responsibility which had lately become very irksome to him, for he had conceived a dread that the British commodore would one day find means to blow up the prison, if he could not otherwise regain his liberty. Philippeaux, who afterwards fought by his side at St. Jean d'Acre, was then one of his liberators, and together they passed through the gates of Paris, unknown and scarcely noticed. A little beyond them, for mutual safety, they separated, trusting to unite again in England.

Sir Sidney, wrapped in a loose great-coat, with his sword under it and a pistol in his pocket, (with both of which necessary appendages his friends had furnished him,) made his way through Normandy towards the coast of Havre, where, though that had been the spot of his capture, he most wished to get a passage from, as he knew a British squadron lay off the coast. Towards the dark gloom of the evening he came down upon a rather lonely part of the beach, where he saw some boats, and he spoke to a fisherman—the only one he chanced to find. His language was as perfectly French as any native's; and speaking as if he were a Frenchman, he said in a confidential manner to the man, that he had a brother who was so unlucky as to be on board of one of those English ships lying off the harbour, and that wanting to see him, he would give any honest fisherman a handsome reward who would take him on board. The man replied civilly he would "by-and-by, when the night was a little gone on, and

the moon up." Meanwhile he invited his customer to accompany him to his cottage hard by, and take rest till the time of starting. Sir Sidney did not hesitate, and followed him. He was led into a poor little abode, where a poor old woman, the fisherman's wife, received them, and after a word from her husband, a hearty welcome, spread their poor but clean supper on a board before them. Our commodore had no mind to eat, fatigue making him covet sleep rather; and the good woman shewed him to a decent but humble pallet, on the floor in the same room in which they sat. Sir Sidney lay down, and after a little while slept soundly. He was awakened by his host at the appointed signal of the moon, calling him to rise and accompany him to the boat. With a bounding heart he started from his pillow, followed him, and, yet more inwardly rejoicing, stepped into the boat, and saw it pushed from shore—found it buoyant on the waves and speeding on! In the self-gratulating joy of that moment he was again on the element that gave him liberty—the natural home of an English sailor—the boundless heaven-girt wave; he drew his coat around him, and literally hugged his happy heart! The fisherman observing him, fancied the action proceeded from a different motive, and he said in a respectful voice—"Do not hide yourself from me, Sir, for I know you!" "And if you do," replied his charge, surprised but not alarmed, "who am I?" "Commodore Smith; and many is the glass of grog your honour has given me with your own hand, when I have come off the coast on board the *Diamond* to sell my fish on wet nights, and I should now be a villain did I betray you!" In short, this honest man fulfilled the trust his former benefactor had confided to him, unwitting of such a bond upon his gratitude. Indeed, Sir Sidney remarked to the writer of this page, when mentioning the anecdote of the fisherman—"You see by this occurrence that no man can be aware how the most apparently trifling events may influence his future safety, nor how humble may be the individual who may have his life or liberty in his hands. And thus, my friend, Almighty Providence appears to weave together all his creatures in a mutual kindly dependence, so that none may say 'I can have no need of you.'"

The little barque faithfully conveyed its valuable freight to the side of a British man-of-war, the *Argo* frigate, which gladly took him on board, and without loss of time brought him to Portsmouth. He landed, and was received by all classes with acclamations and open arms, as if each had met a beloved brother or son returning from a hopeless captivity. The general sympathy indeed was great, for the works of long suffering and the severity of his late

dangerous illness were yet legibly upon him. But ere he quitted the prison wherein he had endured so much, and from a great part of which the commonest stretch of courtesy, not to say of the merest humanity, in the breast of Napoleon Buonaparte, might have spared his noble foe, he wrote upon the casement of his cell-window the following memorandum to that "great, yet meanest of mankind!"—

"SIDNEY SMITH TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

"Fortune's wheel makes strange revolutions, it must be confessed. But for the term revolution to be applicable the movement should be a complete one; for a half turn is not a revolution, (see the Dictionary of the Academy.) You are at present as high as you can mount. Well, I don't envy you your fortunate situation; for I am better off than you: I am as low in the career of ambition as a man can descend; so that let Fortune turn her wheel ever so little (and, as she is capricious, turn it she will), I must necessarily mount, and you as necessarily descend. I do not make this remark to you to cause you any chagrin; on the contrary, with the intent to bring you the same consolation I have at present, when you shall arrive at the same point where I am—yes, the same point: you will inhabit this prison! Why not as well as I? I did not think of such a thing any more than you do at present, before I found myself brought hither. In party wars 'tis a crime in the eyes of opponents for a man to do his duty well. You do yours now, and consequently you by so much irritate your personal enemies. You will answer me thus: 'I fear not their combined hatred; the voice of the people is declared for me; I serve them well.' That is all very good talking. Sleep in quiet; but you will very soon learn what one gains by serving such a master, whose inconstancy will perhaps punish you for *all the good* you do him! 'Whoever (says an ancient author, Pausanias Atticus) puts his entire confidence in public favour, never passes his life without pain and trouble, and seldom comes to a good end.'

"Finis coronat opus.

"In fact, I need not prove to you that you will come hear and read these lines, because here you must be to read them. You will certainly have this chamber, because it is the best calculated for a close prisoner; and the keeper, who is a very civil good sort of a man, will of course treat you as well as he does me."

We need not expatiate on the turn of the wheel here predicted. In the course of another revolution of the sun, after the above was written, Sir Sidney Smith met Napoleon Buonaparte on the Heights of Acre—Sir

Sidney on its dilapidated batteries, Buonaparte, on the Mount of *Cœur de Lion*, narrowly observing him and the important fortress he had "willed" to make his own, and with it, of course, resume possession of the British comodore! But not so; "the wheel had turned;" and ere another moon had "waned its horns" the fortress was saved by the British hero; and Buonaparte, at the base of *Cœur de Lion's* Mount, spurring his steed to flee before the ascendant fortune of the recent prisoner of the Temple.—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

You must descend to the very edge of the trembling rocky brink of the caldron on the British side, immediately under the stairs, and sixty or seventy feet below the narrow platform of the rock on which you have stood when you have reached the last of these stairs. This is not to be effected without some trouble, risk, and fatigue, but it repays all your exertion; for when you have reached the edge, close to the Rainbow or Split Rock, you are, as it were, at once in a new world—chaos seems there to have never been disturbed by the regularity of nature, but reigns solemn and supreme. Place your back against the projecting, blackened, and slime-covered rocks, and look towards the mighty mass of vapour and water before you, around you, beneath you, and above you. Hearing, sight, feeling, become, as it were, blended and confounded. You are sensible that you exist, perhaps, but in what state of existence has, for a few minutes, vanished from your imagination. The rocks vibrate under your feet; the milk-white boiling and mountain surge advances, swells up, subsides, recoils, lashes, and mingles with the thick vapour. An indescribable and terrific, dull, yet deafening sound, shakes the air; your nerves feel the concussion, and the words of surprise which at length escape from your lips are inaudible even to yourself, so awfully stern is the uproar of the contending air and water in their conflict for mastery. The ideas which first struck me, when I had recovered from this stupor of astonishment, were those of being swept away by the foaming mountains, bubbling, seething in the huge caldron at my feet; of being on the point of losing the sense of hearing, for my temerity in venturing to pry so nearly into the unattainable mysteries of nature; and of instant annihilation from the mass of overhanging black and beetling rock above my head, at an absolute height of nearly 200 feet. In fact I experienced the same sensations so beautifully described by Shakspeare, in Lear, but from a reverse cause; so true is it that extremes meet. I became giddy and confounded by looking

at and up to the dizzy scene, instead of glancing from the eye down towards an unfathomable abyss of air and water below. There are few visitors who venture to the "imminent deadly breach" of the edge of the caldron and of the Split Rainbow Rock. These form a huge mass, buried cables deep in the gulf, falling headlong from above, rent by the fall in twain nearly to its base, wedged into the lip of the caldron, and towering twenty or thirty feet above the mountain surge. How it became so transfixed baffles conjecture, for it was evidently hurled from the table-rock above. This Rainbow Rock, as it is called, or Iris's Throne, from the extremity of the are appearing to rest upon it when you view the great fall from the rocky table above, cannot now be approached so easily. The ladder by which, at much personal hazard, its flat and slippery surface was gained, has been swept away by the raging flood; and it is, perhaps, fortunate that it is so, for the experiment of gaining and standing on the surface was attended with great risk. I saw one person, whilst I was sketching the scene, actually lying down at full length upon the edge of it, with his head projected over, to look into the very caldron. I shuddered at the hardihood displayed, for a false movement would be inevitable and instant destruction on that slippery platform. When he descended the ladder I told him what I had felt, and he was fully aware of his danger, but said, that from his childhood he had been a ranger in the Alps. To add to the difficulties of your situation on the edge of the caldron, the descending and ascending spray is so great that you are wet through very soon; whilst the clouds of arrowy sleet driving in your eyes render sketching not very pleasant; whilst, to add to your stock of ideas, you behold a truly Freischutz display, for, crawling at your feet, amidst a mass of ground and splintered timber, bones, and shivered rock, are the loathsome and large black toad, the hideously-deformed black lizard, eels of a most equivocal appearance, and even that prototype of the eel, the fierce black water-serpent.—*Bonnycastle's Canadas.*

The Gatherer.

Sagacity of a Cat.—It was only a few evenings ago that one of our worthy neighbours, who keeps a shop in Little Underbank, was much surprised at the conduct of his cat. He was standing in his shop, when pussy put her paw on his trousers, and endeavoured to pull him towards the cellar, leading out of the shop. He took no notice at first, but this she repeated three times; and in order to see what could

be the cause of her thus troubling him, he took her in his arms, and carried her into the cellar, where he kept a large quantity of leather. Pussy immediately sprang from him, and jumping upon a piece of leather, began to look underneath it, as if in search of something. Her master raised the leather, and he there found a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age concealed under it. On bringing the young rascal from his hiding place, he naturally asked him what he was doing there. The reply was, that he had not money to pay for a lodging, and thought he would stay there till morning. The worthy shopkeeper made him remember that a feather bed was preferable to a leather one, by inflicting summary punishment on the offender. Thus the sagacity of this famous cat most probably saved the premises from being robbed, and its master perhaps murdered.—*Stockport paper.*

Migrations of Birds.—During the present month the Teal, the Grey Lagg, the Royston Crow, the Dartford Warbler, the Merlin, the Lesser Guillemot, the Woodcock, and the common Shoveller arrive. The departures are, the Hobby, the Martin, the Sand-Martin, the short-eared Owl, the Land-Rail, the Water-Rail, the Redstart, the Redshank, and the common Sandpiper.

Bernard Cavanagh, the Long Faster.—This person has, it seems, submitted to be shut up in a garret (twelve feet by nine, and seven feet high) for eleven days, without food or drink. On being released on Thursday, never having quitted the room but to go to chapel on the Sunday, closely guarded by a physician and a solicitor, he is said to look a little thinner, but to be as otherwise before his incarceration. The site of this exploit has certainly an *eating and conveying name*, for it was in Lamb's Conduit-street; but still the medical and other gentlemen, who have conducted the experiment, appear to be convinced of Cavanagh's extraordinary powers of abstinence, though they gravely express a doubt (in the *Times*' report of the matter) that he could fast for five long years. We nevertheless adhere to our proposition, that nature has framed him to be perpetual president of the Total Abstinence Society; and if he turn out to be an impostor, we trust that the Romish church, to which he belongs, will impose upon him the penance of a fast long enough to be a punishment.—*Literary Gazette.*

Death of a Wealthy Miser.—Mr. R. Smith, who was by trade a smith, died at his late residence, No. 12, Great St. Andrew's-street, Seven Dials, in the possession of funded, freehold, and leasehold property, it is stated, to the amount of nearly £400,000. He was of the most singular habits from early life, and was left a considerable sum of money by his father, with which he speculated in the

funds and in the building of houses, his speculations almost always turning out to advantage. In the neighbourhood of Mornington-crescent he built between 150 and 200 houses, besides having many other houses in different parts of the town. His property in the funds is believed to exceed £100,000. He was born in the house in which he died, and resided in it throughout his life, being seventy years of age. Though possessed of immense wealth, his habits were most penurious, and his mode of living was scarcely sufficient to support nature. He had no servant, but a woman used to come occasionally to char. His neighbours knew little of him, as he had no associates. His house exhibited the appearance of having a tenant not provided with the means of keeping it in decent repair, and the windows were cleaned about twice a year. He has left a brother and a sister. The former will inherit the property, as he has left no will. The latter, who was early crossed in love, was allowed by him a pound a week. She is a woman also of most eccentric habits. Mr. Smith once held the office of overseer of the parish of St. Giles, in which he was a resident.

Enormous Shell-Fish.—The Chama gigas, which exists in the Indian seas, is capable of snapping cables, and performing other feats; its shell is of 500 pounds weight, and its flesh 300 pounds.

The great Pyramid of Egypt.—The great pyramid of Egypt is usually stated to occupy an area equal to that of Lincoln's-Inn-fields. It is found, however, that the former measures 764 feet on each side, whereas Lincoln's-Inn-fields, although 821 feet on one side, is only 625 feet 6 inches on the other; so that the area of the pyramid is 115 feet 9 inches greater than that of St. Paul's. The angle formed by the sides of the large pyramid is 51° 50'; by the others, 51 and 52° 20'.—*Mr. Scoble's Analysis of Colonel Howard Vyse's recent Work.*

The Largest Petticoat Government ever known.—The British empire extends over upwards of 2,800,000 square miles, and contains a population of upwards of 179,235,000 souls.—*New York Sunday Morning News.*

A Strike.—The Commander of the General Ernout (French sloop of war) hailed the Reynard sloop, Capt. Coghlan, to strike. "Strike!" replied the Briton, "that I will, and very hard!" He struck so very hard, that in thirty-five minutes his shot set the enemy on fire, and in ten minutes more she blew up! Captain Coghlan now displayed equal energy in endeavouring to rescue his vanquished foe; and by great exertions, fifty-five out of a crew of one hundred were saved.—*Bentley's Miscellany for September.*

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